

Poosie Nansie's

Narrator

On winter's nights when tempests blaw
And heavy-laden skies,
Portent the comin o' the snaws
And mute the howlet's cry

As ancient men would fires attend
In ancient caves and caverns
So here we find five Mauchline friends
In Poosie Nansie's tavern

Here's Robert Burns or Rab Mosguile
Sae debonair and braw
A rantin', rhymin', social chiel
Admired by lasses a'

His rhymes and sangs aye brought him fame
In every airt he went
His reputation wi' the dames
Was nane the less weel kent

Here's Tam o Shanter, fond o drams
A worthy tenant farmer
Here Soutar Jonnie, friend o Tam's
Another local charmer

And lawyer Aitken, young and braw,
A glib-tongued man o' letters
Wha looked on men as equals a'
And women as his betters

The t'ither chiel's a gypsy lad
They ca'ed him Tinkler Bobbie
His charms could send the ladies mad
Heartbreakin' was his hobby

But hardly were they gathered here
Wi' hopes to see the morn in
When Poosie Nansie has appeared
To serve them wi' a warnin'

Poosie Nansie

I warn ye noo and heed me weel
My Jessie's on the night
And see you sex-besotted chieles
Behave and treat her right

And if that I should be advised
Of any molestation
I'll personally supervise
Your forced ejaculation

Tam o Shanter

Fear ye not my Nansie dear
You ken we'll treat her right
She'll be as safe wi Rabbie here
As ony virgin might

Narrator

This being said they settle down
And as the evening passes
The conversation comes around
As always, tae the lasses

Soutar Jonnie

Tent me weel,
I heard this frae the laird
That Mauchline's dog-fox Rab Mosguile
Has finally been snared

Wi Mauchline dames the rumour's rife
Nae mair they'll be the losers
For Rab's about tae tak a wife
And keep it in his troosers

Tam o Shanter

Awa ya fool, ye're aff yur heid
The whisky's got yur brain
I've aeyways said yur heid wis saft
But noo yur clean insane

Yur mooth and brain should keep in touch
That's slander ye're incitin'.
But here Rab, you're no sayin' much,
And what's a' that ye're writin'?

Burns

*In Mauchline there dwells
Six proper young belles
The pride of the place and it's neighbourhood a
Their carriage and dress
A stranger would guess
In London or Paris they'd gotten it a*

*Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland divine
Miss Smith she has wit and Miss Betty is braw
There's beauty and fortune to get wi Miss Morton
Bur Armour's the jewel for me o them a*

Poosie Nansie's

O' a' the airts the wind can blow

*Of a' the airts the wind can blow,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:*

*There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between:
But day and night my fancys' flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.*

*I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.*

Tam o Shanter

My god it's true, in truth I'm shocked
Has auld Bob Armour's daughter
Debauchery's high priest unfrocked
And led him to the slaughter?

Come on now Bob cast up a spell
Or mak some gypsy potion
This lunacy o Rab's tae quell
And squash this foolish notion

Bobbie

I wish I could, indeed I do
But recipes nor magic
Nor any foul witch's brew
Can cure a plight sae tragic

Aitken

Rab, I've seen mony an honest man
In courts o' Law indicted
And yet I'll swear on my right hand
For a' the lives they've blighted

Nae tragic loss o' liberty
By judicial miscarriage
Can match the kirk's iniquity
Condemning men tae marriage

Bobbie

Liberty, I'll drink tae that
There is nae finer potion
On Freedom's bounty I'll grow fat
And sing o' my devotion.

A fig for those by law protected

*See the smoking bowl before us,
Mark our jovial ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing-*

Chorus

***A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.***

*What is title, what is treasure,
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where!
A fig for, &c.*

*With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.
A fig for, &c.*

*Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig for, &c.*

*Life is al a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum,
Who have character to lose.
A fig for, &c.*

*Here's to budgets, bags and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train.
Here's our ragged brats and callets,
One and all cry out, Amen!*

Burns

You're right tae sing o' freedom's charms
What thrill can near compare
Wi some new filly in your arms
The smell o' new-washed hair.

[Enter Jessie]

Poosie Nansie's

But hold a while what's this I see
Has fortune sent a sign?
How could a fellow such as me
Resist a prize so fine?

Bonnie wee thing

*Chorus.-Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel it should tine.*

*Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonie face o' thine,
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.
Bonie wee thing, &c.*

*Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonie wee thing,*

Tell me Jessie, my sweet peach
Would your dance card be free?
Or are your favours oot o reach
Tae an honest bard like me?

Jessie

The Gallant Weaver

*Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant Weaver.
O, I had wooers auht or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart wad tine,
And I gied it to the Weaver.*

*My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And give it to the Weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
While bees delight in opening flowers,
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I love my gallant Weaver.*

Burns

A sarkin weaver, damn the fear
He'd work ye day and night
Come sit wi me my Jessie dear
And mak my codpiece tight

Tam o'Shanter

Haud awa there Rabbie boy
Gie the lass her share
Once she's played wi that big toy
She'll aye come back for mair

[Enter Nansie]

What devilry are ye about
Yur noise wad raise the deil
Ony mair and ye'll be oot
An where's that Rab Mosguile?

Jessie! Oh my puir wee lass
Come hither tae yur mither
And as fur you, you drunken trash
I'll knock your heid's the gither

Get through that door ye randy dogs
Did I no mark yur cards?
Ye'll feel the tae o' Nansie's clogs
The lot o ye are barred

Get you back in here Rab Mosguile
Ye couldn'a let her be
I'm telt ye please the lasses weel
Well try delighting me

Ye maybe think ye're some dog-fox
But let me tell ye pet
I've had my share o' struttin cock's
And nane's fulfilled me yet

So just you come upstairs wi me
Come intae Nansie's clutches
And by the morn I guarantee
You'll stagger hame in crutches

Narrator

And here it is we end oor tale
Wi Rab in dire trouble
For thinkin he wad use his nail
Tae prick sweet Jessie's bubble

The moral's clear to all, my friends
Control your carnal fancies
Or wind up in a sticky end
Like Burns in Poosie Nansie's.

